



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

and axes, 'is Fin Mac-Cool at home.' 'No, in throth,' says the wife, not letting on to know him, 'but I'm his wife, and maybe I'd answer you as well; might I be bould to axe your will?' says she.

"Oh," says Usheen, 'I want to see Fin himself to have a thrial of strength with him; and I've come from Scotland for that same purpose, and I must wait till I see him,' for I'll not go back again till I take the consate out of him.'

"Well, with that, Sir, she invited him to sit down very civilly, and tould him that Fin would be home soon and would be very happy to show him any divarsion. So down he sot by the fire, and he axed her who was she baking the fine large cakes for; 'In throth, then, Sir,' says she, 'they're for that dawshe (little) crathur there asleep in the cradle.' So with that Usheen looks round, and sees Fin by the way of fast asleep, and sure he was astonished at the size of him intirely. 'Who is that mam?' says he. 'That's the youngest o' the childher,' says she. 'Is it that big fellow?' says he. 'Big' says she, 'in throth he's a disgrace to us,' says she, 'he'll never be half the size of his father or brothers, the crathur! Maybe you'd thry one of these cakes, Sir,' says she then to Usheen, 'I'm shure you must be hungry aither your long walk.' Throth I'm very agreeable,' says he, 'to that same, I thank ye.' So with that he took up the cake to ate it, when behould you he gave a roar that made the house ring.—'Oh, murder, woman,' says he, 'I never ate any thing so hard.' And well he might say so, Sir; for you see, the woman very cutely put a griddle into the middle of it. 'Hard is it!' says she, 'why, then, I don't know—the child there would'nt ate a taste of it if it was softer.' Well, Sir, with that she press'd him to take a little of the crathur to wash it down, and handed him a mether that hld a gallon or two of as good stuff as ever was tasted—for you know in these days there was no 'Parlimint'—and in throth I suppose your own that you have in the bottle, and that you gave us a sup of—long life to you—wasn't betther."

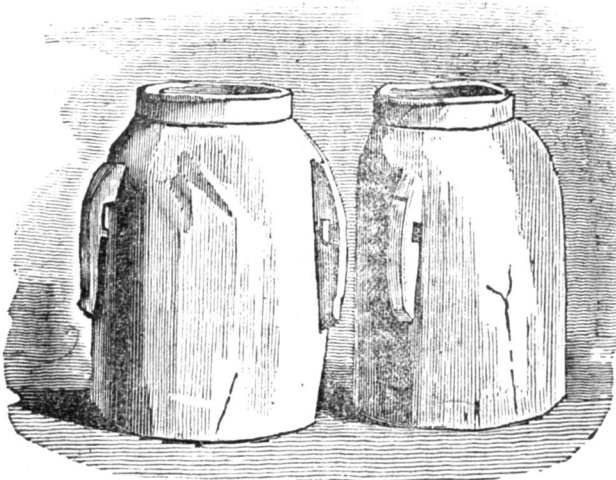
This was such a skilful 'put in' for another sup, as I could'nt resist, so after again wetting his whistle, as my host called it, he proceeded:—

"So, Sir, aither Usheen took about a quart or so, he hands the mether over to Fin's wife. 'Oh, by my conscience, Sir, you'll not give the house a bad name in that way; sure the boy in the cradle would think nothing of dhrinking a gallon of it in a dhraft,' so she made him take another dhrink, and another, till she made him purty well, I thank you. Well says she then to Usheen, 'maybe you'd like to see the boy there throw a stone, or any of the things his father does be teaching him, while you're waiting.' 'Nothing in life betther,' says Usheen. So with that the woman gives Fin a shake: 'get up, alanna,' says she, 'and go out and amuse the gentleman.' So, Sir, up he gets, and goes out with Usheen. 'Upon my word, thin,' says Usheen to him, 'you're a good sized boy, God bless you, and I'd like to see how far you could throw a stone.' 'With all the pleasure in life, Sir,' says Fin. So with that he takes up the stone there beyant, Sir; but that was then on the hill of Allen—and flings it over here against the Sighan mountain, and there it lies to this day—the mark of Fin's five fingers on it where he gripped it, and it has always been known by the name of Fin Mac-Cool's finger stone. Well, Sir, Usheen as you may judge, was very much surprised at this; and he said, 'Upon my conscience, you're a smart chap. 'Now,' says he, 'could your father throw a stone of that size much farther?' 'Is it my father?' says Fin—'by dad he'd throw it to Scotland or Amerikay—it id be only like a marvel in his fingers.'

"It would be marvellous," I observed, "sure enough."—"Indeed it's thrue for you, Sir," rejoined my host, but without understanding my bad pun; "and it sober'd Usheen completely—and the devil another question he axed, but set off home as fast as he came, and the devil another fut he'd ever set again in Ireland. And that's the story the old people tell about Fin Mac-Cool's finger stone." Q.

ANCIENT IRISH VESSEL.

The annexed wood-cut exhibits two views of a very curious antique wooden vessel, lately found at a great depth in a bog at —, in the King's County, and now in the possession of the writer. It is rudely shaped, and of a single piece of yew, with the exception of the bottom, which is of oak, and fastened by two wooden pins. In its general form it is nearly circular, except that one side is considerably flattened, to adapt it to be carried on the back, for which purpose there are



two projecting lugs or loopholes, through which a strap can be passed. Within its mouth there is a hollowed rim to receive a cover. It is fifteen inches in height; two feet six inches in circumference, and holds about three gallons.

As nothing of this form has, as far as we know, been in use for ages, its probable purpose can be only guessed at. It appears, however, most likely to have been a vessel for carrying home milk from the field. P.

WRITERS AND READERS.

None but those who have made the experiment can tell the difficulty of the task—viz. to please every one. Yet it is attainable to a great extent, if attempted with honesty of purpose, and untiring perseverance.

To interest, without exciting—to instruct, without offending—to please, without flattering—to be cheerful, yet grave—and humorous, without descending into buffoonery—are the prime requisites of a public instructor.

Readers ought to constitute the jury by which an author should be tried. Their temper should be calm, every thing should be decided on its own merits, and nothing received but what bears investigation.

That man is a philosopher, whatever be his station, or his information, who *mentally digests* what he reads. What a waste of valuable time does it save him!—what a store of precious ideas does it preserve to him!

But the mind of the unthinking reader is a sieve, which retains what is worthless, and permits what is pure and profitable to pass through.

Irishmen, in general, are not reputed to be of a reflecting or metaphysical spirit. Let them labour to attain it, by attending to their *thoughts*—a prodigious deal of reading may be gone through, and yet the individual be a very thoughtless person.

The great object of all writers and readers should be—the *elevation of the moral and mental character of man.*

DUBLIN

Printed and Published by JOHN S. FOLDS, 5, Bachelors' walk, Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In Liverpool by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester by Wheeler, in Birmingham by Drake; in Edinburgh by R. Grant and Son; in Glasgow by Niven, Jun. and in London by Joseph Robins, Bride Court, Fleet-street.